THOUGHTS

UPON THE

FOUR LAST THINGS:

DEATH; } HEAVEN;
JUDGMENT; } HELL.

A

POEM

In FOUR PARTS.

PART IV.

HELL.

LONDON:

Printed by *J. Wright*, for LAWTON GILLIVER at *Homer*'s *Head* againſt St. *Dunſtan*'s Church in *Fleet ſtreet*,
MDCCXXXV. (Price One Shilling.)

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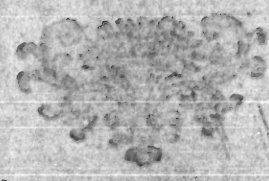

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PART IV.

HELL.

TREmble, ye Guilty! Tremble, ev'n the Good!
Almighty Vengeance!—Chills it not the Blood?
Can ev'n the Bleſt Hell's horrid Gulph behold,
Torrents of Fire in boiling Billows roll'd;
And not ſhrink back with Terror and Affright;
And, tho' ſecure, not ſhudder at the Sight?
A Miſery complete, unmix'd, and pure,
What Fancy can conceive? what Thoughts endure?
" What Thoughts indeed? the Infidel replys;
" God *muſt* not, *will* not, *cannot* puniſh Vice,
" When all the *Ends* of *Diſcipline* are paſt;
" In the next World his Anger will not laſt.
" 'Twould argue *Weakneſs*, Paſſion *impotent*,
" *Rage, Cruelty*, and *Malice*, * to torment

* So ſome of the Deiſtical Writers have not trembled to expreſs themſelves.

(Merely

" (Merely for Torment's ſake) with penal Pain
" His wretched Creatures: Are their Plagues his Gain?
" When from their Puniſhment, however due,
" No *Profit*, or *Advantage* can accrue
" To *Others*, or *Themſelves*; Can God impoſe
" That Puniſhment? and triumph in their Woes?
" Can Shrieks, caſt upwards from Hell's Depth of Fires,
" Mix grateful Muſick with th' Angelick Lyres?
" God is *all Good*; In Him, *as Good*, we truſt."
But is He not, too, *Holy*, *Wiſe*, and *Juſt*?
Think'ſt thou, has God *one* Attribute alone?
Can *Mercy*, ev'n tho' *infinite*, be thrown
On *Objects* which are *capable* of None?
Muſt Wiſdom, Holineſs, Truth, Juſtice, fail
In God; that Goodneſs only may prevail?
And can'ſt thou *prove*, that Puniſhment can tend,
Hereafter, to no ſalutary End?
That all *Examples* Then their force ſhall loſe,
And Pains, and Terrors be no more of Uſe?
Or grant, thou could'ſt; yet in the *Scheme of Things*,
Reaſon, and *Nature*, is the King of Kings
The only Potentate, who cannot take
On Rebels Vengeance due, for his OWN ſake?

Is

Is it for Him, for Him alone too much
To puniſh Crimes againſt HIMSELF, *as ſuch*?
T' aſſert his ſcorn'd, his violated Laws,
And vindicate his Glory's injur'd Cauſe?
Where is his Greatneſs, Majeſty, and Awe;
If Man be with Impunity his Foe?
Under Pretext, in impious vain Diſpute,
Of honouring his ONE *mild* ATTRIBUTE;
Thou mak'ſt Him deſpicable, a God of ſmall,
Or no Account; that is, no God at all.
In thy Mock-Robe the Deity thus dreſs'd,
Appears a perfect Ridicule, and Jeſt:
The DEIST quite unmask'd; the ATHEIST ſtands confeſs'd.

Thus far the Views of human Reaſon reach:
But more expreſs the ſacred Pages teach.
There God 'gainſt Sin incens'd with vengeful Ire,
With Terrors arm'd, a fierce conſuming Fire,
Shines forth tremendous. True, He courts, and woes,
In melting Strains, his moſt rebellious Foes
To Penitence, and Happineſs; declares,
Proteſts, and by *Himſelf*, as *Living*, ſwears,
He ſtands moſt ready Sinners to forgive;
Intreats, and begs them to repent, and live.

But on th' obdur'd, Plagues, Storms, and Tempests pours,
And Wrath, which to Eternity devours.
God *cannot* punish — So thou say'st — But still
That God Himself proclaims He *can*, and *will*.
As thus the strong Assertors disagree;
Must we, I ask, believe in GOD, or THEE?

" But Oh! the *Bible!* — Book so much ador'd;
" Which, *Priests*, and *dull Believers*, call *God's Word* —
Why, is it *Not* so? Dost thou never *read*?
But only *laugh*, and *shake* thy *empty Head*?
Cavil thou may'st; but never canst *refute*
Those FACTS, which prove it *genuine* past Dispute,
God's *genuine Word* — But 'tis not Now the Time
For That Debate: I pass it; till in Rhime
I on That Theme thy Madness shall expose;
As I, and Others, oft have done in Prose.

The *Place* allotted to This Scene of Woe
We know not; (may we never, *feeling*, know;)
Whether, beyond the Space immense, and vast
Of the World's Bounds, in *Chaos* wild, and waft:
Or whether, (so perhaps the Scheme is laid)
When the last Conflagration shall have prey'd
On this Terrestrial Globe, the fiery Tide
Shall in the *Bowels of the Earth* subside;

And, added to the Central Fire, There make
Hell's flaming Gulph, the molten Brimstone Lake.
Or whether in the SUN, to form whose Beams,
To Us, so distant, salutary Streams,
Millions of *Aetna*'s, and *Vesuvio*'s blaze,
There scorching Fires, tho' Here life-giving Rays,
The Damn'd shall to their *Tartarus* be doom'd;
Forever burning, ever unconsum'd.
So Some have thought; *and thought they made it plain;
Nor is perhaps th' acute Conjecture vain.
However to our erring *Fancy's Eye*
That Orb appears *above*, *aloft*, on *high*;
In the *World's Centre* fix'd, 'tis most *profound*,
Lowest, to all the wide Circumf'rence round.
And *Hell* by All *most low* was ever deem'd:
O! may'st not Thou, howe'er to Thee have *seem'd*
These Things abstruse, when Life's short Race is run,
Cast down from Earth, *descend* into the Sun.

From th' Empyrean Heav'n, the blest Abode
Of Saints in Bliss, of Angels, and of God,
Most distant sure is Hell; and 'tis as clear,
Most distant from it is the Solar Sphere.

* See *Swinden*'s Enquiry into the *Nature* and *Place* of HELL.

But is not Hell all Darkneſs, thickeſt Night?
The Sun a glorious Orb of cheerful Light?
Yes, in It Surface; as to Us Its ſhines:
But Figure to thyſelf Its Caverns, Mines;
Its hollow Rocks, Its inmoſt gloomy Dens:
O! wert thou There, how chang'd would be the Scenes!
Ev'n Here we ſpy thro' *Galileo*'s Glaſs
Black Spots, and ſmoaking Mountains o'er Its Face.
And as th' All-wiſe, Great God, with diff'rent Views,
By the ſame Means, Ends contrary purſues;
Perhaps the Sun, which Now with Light, and Heat
This Solar Syſtem cheers, may prove the Seat
Of Woe Hereafter; rage with ſulph'rous Storms;
And torture Thoſe, whom Now it kindly warms.

However, taught by *Revelation* clear,
We know *What* Hell is, tho' we know not *Where*.
In Heav'n as *perfect endleſs* Pleaſures flow;
Hell is *conſummate*, and *eternal* Woe.
Fire too muſt make the *Senſible* of Hell:
" With everlaſting Burnings who can dwell?
" Tormenting *Tophet* is ordain'd long ſince;
" Ev'n for the *King*, the Potentate, the Prince,
" It is prepar'd: 'Tis roomy, vaſt, and wide,
" With Store of Fuel plenteouſly ſupply'd:

" The Breath of God makes the full Furnace boil;
" And, like a Stream of Brimſtone, fires the Pile.
Doom'd to live Death, and never to expire,
" In Floods, and Whirlwinds of tempeſtuous Fire‡
The Damn'd ſhall groan: Fire of all Kinds, and Forms;
In Rain, in Hail, in Hurricanes, and Storms;
Liquid, and ſolid, livid, red, and pale;
A flaming Mountain here, and there a flaming Vale.
The liquid Fire makes Seas; the ſolid, Shores;
Arch'd-o'er with Flames the horrid Concave roars.
All Hell is Fire — Above, Beſide, Below,
Fires or in hard metallick Subſtance glow,
Or ſpout in Cataracts, or in Rivers flow.
In bubbling Eddies rolls the fiery Tide,
And ſulph'rous Surges on each other ride.
The hollow, winding Vaults, and Dens, and Caves
Bellow, like Furnaces, with flaming Waves.
Pillars of Flame in ſpiral Volumes riſe,
Like fiery Snakes, and lick th' infernal Skies.
Sulphur, th' eternal Fuel, unconſum'd,
Vomits redounding Smoke, thick, unillum'd:
For all That Maſs of Fire projects no Light,
But Darkneſs viſible, and glaring Night;

‡ *Milton.*

Which to the Eye ſerves only to reveal
Sad Scenes of Woe, and add Affright to Hell:
Pale Fantoms, hideous Spectres, Shapes which *ſcare*
The *Damn'd* themſelves, and *terrify* DESPAIR;
" Gorgons, and Harpyes, and Chimæras dire,
And Swarms of twiſted Serpents, hiſſing Fire.
There SIN, now ſtrip'd of all her borrow'd Charms,
Which lur'd deluded Wretches to her Arms,
Of Bulk immenſe, immeaſurably tall,
So high, and vaſt, as to be ſeen by All,
Thro' the unbounded Space, Herſelf uprears,
And ſpred in full Deformity appears.
Her cloſe Attendant DEATH, and by *Her* made
Immortal, Now a *Subſtance*, not a *Shade*,
By *Her* ſupply'd, thick Darts around her flings,
Keen with God's Wrath, and ſhoots unnumber'd Stings;
More ugly than ten thouſand Furies ſcowls;
And Plagues infixes in the guilty Souls.
Horrour, throughout, and perfect Mis'ry reigns;
An endleſs, ſad Variety of Pains;
Clatt'ring of Iron, and the Clank of Chains:
The Clang of lafhing Whips; ſhrill Shrieks, and Groans,
Loud ceaſeleſs Howlings, Crys, and piercing Moans;

Damna-

Damnation, Death, in ev'ry dreadful Form,
The gnawing Conſcience, never-dying Worm;
The inextinguiſhable Fire: No Gleam
Of cheerful Light; No ſweet, refreſhing Beam
Of Joy, or Hope: Deſpair, Deſpair, Deſpair,
Is ſtill the Sound that breaks the dusky Air.
Forever! Never! Never be releas'd?
O No! 'Tis Torment *never* to be eas'd.
All Evil There; no Good: Death lives, Life dies:
" Deliver us, good Lord" —In Tears, and Sighs,
Here rather Pardon let us ſtrive to gain,
Than There, when Seas of Tears will ſtream in vain.
Sometimes, as if ſuch Groans could ſoften Hell,
They throw to Heav'n, with hideous, frantick Yell,
Expoſtulating Crys — They cannot Pray —
" Is there then left of Hope no glimm'ring Ray?
" Can Nothing, Nothing for our Crimes attone?
" Great God, is Mercy infinite Thus ſhown?
" Can Nothing ever waſh away our Guilt?
" Was it for This Thy precious Blood was ſpilt?
" That Millions, who have oft invok'd Thy Name,
" Should, Years unnumber'd, welter in This Flame?
" Made we Ourſelves? Did Our Invention weave
" Life's ſlender Web, and teach the Heart to heave?

" And

" And didſt Thou call from Nothing's darkſom Womb
" Thy wretched Creatures to This dreadful Doom?
" Unmake us; 'Tis far better not to Be,
" Than to be curſt with boundleſs Miſery.
" Vain Thoughts! Ourſelves, Ourſelves alone have made
" This Wretchedneſs: We cannot Thee upbraid.
" Good only iſſu'd from Thy plaſtick Will;
" Creatures the ſole Creators are of Ill:
" Evil, and Nothing elſe, they could create—
" Then to Your ſelves alone impute your Fate,
" Ye Reprobate—Ev'n Here, in Hell's deep Pit,
" Our righteous Judge, tho' Damn'd, we muſt acquit:
" We only to our Luſts ourſelves enſlav'd;
" He would have ſav'd us—would we have been ſav'd.
But as the boiling Seas, in which they howl,
By counter Guſts, now This, now That way, roll;
So fluctuates in their Breaſts the refluent Tide
Of Paſſions: God e'erwhile they juſtify'd:
Dire Execrations next ſucceed; They fling
Tartarean Rage tow'rds Heav'n, againſt Heav'n's King;
Againſt the Higheſt fiercely they blaſpheme:
But then again their own mad Choice condemn;
Much they curſe God, but curſe Themſelves much more:
In Conſort the ſulphureous Torrents roar.

Mean-

Meanwhile, as if but light were all Theſe Pains,
Legions of Devils, bound, Themſelves, in Chains,
Tormented, and Tormentors, o'er them ſhake
Thongs, and fork'd Iron, in the burning Lake;
Belching infernal Flames, and wreath'd with Spires
Of curling Serpents, rouſe the Brimſtone-Fires;
With Whips of fiery Scorpions ſcourge their Slaves,
And in their Faces daſh the livid Waves:
Slaves to the Dev'l, and Sin; who rather choſe,
Vaſſals of Hell, to ſuffer endleſs Woes;
Than to enjoy, in Heav'n's high, bleſt Abode,
The glorious Freedom of the Sons of God.

In Thoſe dark Depths, and Flames (ſtill Torment new)
Heav'n's Joys, at diſtance infinite, They view;
From That abhorr'd, unfathomable Abyſs,
Look up, and ken th' exulting Saints in Bliſs.
Chiefly the Rich, the Mighty, and the Proud,
Earth's Tyrants Once, will gnaſh, and rage aloud;
When Thoſe, whom Here, as Dung upon the Soil,
Ev'n than the Dogs, that lick'd their Sores, more vile,
They ſcorn'd, on whom with haughty Air they frown'd,
They ſee aloft, with brighteſt Glory crown'd.
" Groaning for Anguiſh, Envy, and Deſpair,
How will they bite their Fleſh, and rend their Hair!

" Lo! Theſe are They, whom We, in Life's Debauch,
" A Bye-word held, a Proverb of Reproach:
" We Fools, immers'd in Luxury, and Vice,
" Eſteem'd Them Mad, who were the only Wiſe;
" Madneſs their Life, we ſaid, their End is Shame.
" How do They There deride Our boaſted Fame?
" How are They, erſt ſo Poor, Deſpis'd, Diſtreſs'd,
" Number'd among God's Children! Saints moſt bleſt!
" What Profit have we from our Pride? Or What
" Has Wealth immenſe, with all our Vaunting, bought?
" Damnation. Joyleſs Purchaſe! Sunk thus low,
" At leaſt, tho' doom'd to everlaſting Woe,
" Screen'd from That hateful Proſpect let us dwell:
" To be Heav'n-Damn'd is the worſt Plague of Hell.
This Thou reply'ſt, is *Fiction* — *Fancy*'s Paint —
It may be ſo — But is it not *too faint*?
Believe it, Sinner; Hell's tremendous Curſe
Is what we have delineated — Or *Worſe*;
'Tis *perfect Mis'ry*. What, tho' Poet's *feign*
That *Light'ning* is *compos'd* of Wind, and Rain,
Of Cloud, and Flame; that 'tis *God's Weapon*, hurld
By his *own red Right-hand*, to awe the World,
To fill Mankind with Terror, and Amaze?
What, tho' fictitious be its *forky Rays*?

It's

It's *trifid Fire?* All Nature ſees, and feels,
That Lightning *is*; and where It *ſtrikes*, It *kills*.
" ETERNAL *Puniſhment*, at leaſt, annex'd
" To SHORTLIV'D *Crimes*, whate'er the ſacred Text
" May *ſeem* to threaten, cannot be conceiv'd
" By Reaſon; nor on ſolid grounds believ'd.
" Is This God's Goodneſs infinite? Is This
" Ev'n *common Juſtice*? that in Hell's Abyſs,
" For Sins of fifty Years, however foul,
" We ſhould to everlaſting Ages howl?
" The Word *Forever*, in God's Book elſewhere,
" Means not *Eternity*, and *cannot* Here.
If ſo; if This be true; Thyſelf aſſure,
Hell will not to Eternity endure:
God will moſt Juſt, and Merciful be found.
But art thou *ſure* thy Argument is ſound?
Murder, ſuppoſe, is a ſhort tranſient Act:
But laſts the *Guilt* no longer than the *Fact*?
Yes; but Eternity — Why, if thy Soul,
By God immortal made, by Vice made foul,
Sin on forever; as it muſt, ſince Grace
In Thee *incapable* can find no place:
Thou muſt (Eternal Reaſon makes it ſo)
Forever ſinning, ſuffer endleſs Woe.

But God, belike, is bound t' *annihilate*
Thoſe who muſt Elſe be wretched in That State.
Muſt He then change the Univerſal Frame
Of Nature, leſt Thou ſuffer in That Flame?
Work groſs Abſurditys? untwiſt the Chain
Of Cauſes, and Effects; to end Thy Pain?
However; (for I grant, when *Infinite*
Employs our narrow Thoughts; 'tis *Faith*, not *Sight*:
Our Reaſon is perplex'd; Ev'n Heav'n, when join'd
To vaſt Eternity, confounds the Mind:)
Admit Hell's Torments ſhall at length be paſt;
Suppoſe, but for a thouſand Ages laſt;
Say but for One—One Century—One Year—
Could'ſt thou, ev'nThen, Almighty Vengeance bear?
Are all Sin's Pleaſures in the Ballance laid
Equal to This? Oh! How are they outweigh'd!
Couldſt thou, one Day, one Hour, in burning Oil,
Or Sulphur, roaring in a Furnace, boil?
Nay try, thy ſtrong unruly Luſts to tame,
Thy little Finger in a Candle's Flame
But for a Minute—Hold it fix'd, be ſure—
What? ſhrink'ſt thou back?—Hell how canſt thou endure?
Forever needs muſt mean *ſome Length* of Time;
Some *Ages* in appearance: 'Tis no Crime

At leaſt, to think it means *Eternity*:
No Crime, nor Indiſcretion, can This be —
Eternal Puniſhment to Sinners due
'Tis far more prudent to *ſuppoſe*, than *rue*;
And rather *think*, than *feel* it to be *true*.

The Wretches peop'ling This Infernal World,
By God's juſt Wrath, and Vengeance Thither hurl'd,
Are all th' Impenitent; who dy'd in Vice,
Sin unatton'd; who more than Truth lov'd Lies;
The Indevout, th' Unmerciful, th' Unjuſt,
Thoſe who indulg'd their Malice, Pride, or LUST.
With what Abhorrence ſhall th' *Adult'rer* meet
His foul *Adult'reſs* There! O how they greet!
The Fornicator, and his *Strumpet* leud,
Who once *Each other* with ſuch Rapture view'd,
No more their mutual Beauties Now admire;
Their Flames of Luſt extinct in Flames of Fire.
Their Beauties, which reciprocally warm'd,
To moſt deteſted Uglineſs transform'd
They There behold; Condemn'd (No more of CHARMS)
To loath'd Embraces in *Each other's* Arms:
Turning to *Hate* their Luſt (They call'd it *Love*)
Furies, and Fiends they to *Each other* prove;

Plaguing, and Plagu'd; She curſes Him, He Her;
(*Themſelves*, belike, of Fault and Blame both clear)
That by *Each Other's* Guilt they meet *Each other* There.
The avaricious, grasping *Miſers*, roll'd
In Wealthy Waves, shall have their Fill of Gold:
While Gold too on them rains in burning Show'rs:
And down their Throats the liquid Mammon pours.
With Theſe, the moſt abhor'd of human Race
Shall *wicked Prieſts*, and *Prelates* find their Place.
Prelates, and Prieſts, who partial preach'd God's Laws;
Flatter'd his Enemys, betray'd his Cauſe;
Or by their Lives, and Actions diſavow'd,
Thoſe Truths they zealous taught the liſt'ning Croud.
Prelates, who ſtudy'd for This World alone;
And Learning ſcorn'd, becauſe Themſelves had None.
Or Learning if They had; their Guilt was ſtill
The greater, if 'twas us'd in doing Ill:
If, the *Divine* poſtpon'd, with more Regard
They *Stateſman*, *Lord*, and *Politician* heard;
If, at a worthleſs, vicious Courtier's Nod,
They ſacrific'd their Country, Church, and God.
For Theſe the Curs'd, by Their Example damn'd,
With fierce Reſentment, and Revenge inflam'd,

To fev'n-fold Rage th' infernal Fires shall blow,
And hoot th' Apostates thro' the Shades below.
Corrupt, rapacious *Ministers of State*
Shall There bewail their ill-got Wealth too late.
Suppose a weak, and wicked Tyrant's Tool,
Pander to Av'rice, Pride, and Lust of Rule;
Most prompt to act in Courts each bidden Part,
A vicious Head, and a more vicious Heart;
A Foe profes'd to Truth, and common Sense,
Lost to all Reason, steel'd with Impudence:
Who made his Country, weeping on the Ground,
The Scorn, and Jest of all the Nations round;
Beggar'd, enslav'd her; proud enjoy'd her Toils,
Laugh'd at Her Woes, and revel'd in Her Spoils;
Debauch'd her Sons with Vice; dispatch'd in Shoals
To Jayls their Bodys, and to Hell their Souls;
Exploded Vertue, Honesty, and Shame;
And taught that Villany alone was Fame:
By whose Example, Influence, and Command,
Hateful *Corruption* delug'd all the Land:
Who made the Publick Loss his Private Gain;
His Country's Evil Genius, Pest, and Bane;

Corrupt-

Corrupted, and Corrupting — Where can dwell
(For Such *have been*, as Time's long Annals tell)
So Heav'n-abhor'd a Monſter, but in Hell?
If Thus the *Tyrant-Miniſter* ſhall fare;
What Portion ſhall his *Tyrant-Maſter* ſhare?
Hell; in the ſame, or in a worſe Degree;
If poſſible, more deeply damn'd than He.
Proud, avaricious, impious *Kings*, who Nought
But their *own Pleaſure, Wealth*, and *Greatneſs* ſought;
Who like *Deſtroyers*, not *Protectors*, reign'd,
Their *wretched Subjects*, pillag'd, fleec'd and drain'd;
Who to be *fear'd*, and *hated*, ſtudious ſtrove,
And choſe to rule by *Terror*, not by *Love*;
As if to *One* Heav'n ſuch *Diſtinction* gave,
That a *whole People* ſhould be born *His Slave*:
Who thought Themſelves ſuperior to *all* Laws;
Oppreſs'd *God's Church*, and dignify'd *his Foes*;
Promoted Ign'rance, Lœudneſs, Cowardiſe,
Profaneneſs, Atheiſm, ev'ry Kind of Vice:
All Theſe (and ſuch portentous Plagues *have been*,
King, Emp'ror, Empreſs, Sov'reign Prince, and Queen)
Howe'er They once deſpis'd theſe ſerious Things,
Shall feel, in Hell, there is a King of Kings.

Among

Among *his* Damn'd great *Maro* places Thoſe
Who, ſway'd by *Bribery*, made, and unmade Laws:
Who, *venal* ev'n *Themſelves*, for Sums of Gold
Impos'd a Tyrant, and their *Country ſold.*
And can That Crime deſerve a milder Doom
In Chriſtian Senates, than in Pagan *Rome?*

To Theſe, however *diff'rent ſeem'd* their Guilt,
Muſt Thoſe be added, who their Grandeur built
On *Patriotiſm's uſurp'd* and *injur'd* Name;
Wiſe and *good Princes* labour'd to *defame:*
Always Seditious, Reſtleſs, Turbulent,
Factious, and *without Reaſon* Malecontent,
Mouth'd *Tyranny*, and *Freedom*, when *no Fear*
Of Tyranny, but from *Themſelves*, was near;
Skill'd with the *Sound* of *Liberty* t' *enſlave*,
And *ruin* Thoſe they boaſted they would *ſave.*

Looſe, *vicious Writers*, who debauch'd Mankind,
And to *Their own* the Sins of *Others* join'd,
Shall There deplore the Triumphs of their Wit,
Of All they *lewdly*, or *profanely* writ;
Their *Hereſies*, their *Blaſphemys*, the *Pride*
Of having Truths *moſt evident* deny'd.
Thoſe chiefly, who, *God's Miniſters* ordain'd,
Traduc'd the *Office* which *Themſelves* ſuſtain'd;

(For ſuch a PRODIGY may be conceiv'd,
Since ſure *Experience* makes the *Fact* believ'd;)
Who, to their utmoſt Pow'r, That *Church* deſtroy'd,
Whoſe WEALTHIEST POSTS and HONOURS They enjoy'd.
But leſt the Muſe ſhould ſeem, while keen on Vice,
Herſelf to flatter, as ſhe *That* decrys;
The *worſt of Men* ſhe *loves*, and would *reform*,
Howe'er againſt their *wicked Actions* warm:
Would warn them to eſcape Hell's dreadful Doom,
And fly, repentant, from the Wrath to come.
Few ſhall, ſhe ſings, a Vengeance more ſevere,
Than th' *Evil-ſpeakers*, and *Cenſorious*, bear;
Th' Incontinent of Tongue, and Pen; who *take*
Delight in Scandal, for mere *Scandal's ſake.*
Nor only Thoſe, who darken the fair Fame
Of the moſt Innocent, and blaſt their Name;
But Thoſe who *love* to *dwell* on Crimes, tho' *true*,
And blazon Facts in the worſt Point of View:
Who to *all* Faults quickſighted, but *their own*,
Speak ill of Many; good, of Few, or None.
Such *Tongues*, which Now, with Inflammation dire,
Can the whole *Courſe of Nature ſet on fire*,
Tho' Nothing Here ſhould their Malignance quell,
Shall There INDEED *be ſet on fire of* HELL.

But This, thou ſay'ſt, is *Prieſtcraft* all; th' Effect
Of *Superſtition*, which wiſe Minds reject.
I ask thee, tho' perhaps *obdur'd* long ſince,
Whom Nought, I fear, but *Hell*, will e'er *convince*;
Is it, at leaſt, not *ſafer* to *ſuppoſe*,
Than *disbelieve*, Theſe dreadful threaten'd Woes?
Wiſe Minds will by Theſe Terrors ſure be mov'd;
Since, were they *falſe*, they cannot be *diſprov'd*:
They *may* be true — And Oh! ſuppoſe they *ſhou'd* —
Does not ev'n That *Suppoſe* congeal thy Blood?
Haſt thou not, anxious for thy final Fate,
At leaſt, *Suſpicions* of a future State?
Some ſad *Miſgivings?* No; Thou wilt reply:
I tell thee, That's not *Error*, but a *Lye*.
To *All*, to *Humane Nature* I appeal;
Ev'n to *Thyſelf* — The Thing's *impoſſible*.
In Vice, and Luxury however ſunk,
Thou canſt not, certainly, be *always* drunk:
Th' intruding Thoughts of Hell will *ſometimes* pall
Thy Wine, and *ſometimes* daſh thy Cups with Gall.
But Oh! the *ſage*, *dry* Atheiſt; He who *thinks*,
Deliberately *reaſons*, rarely *drinks*;
(*Whoredom*, not *Drinking*, is the Vice He loves)
Who *Human Underſtanding* much improves;

Diſpen-

Diſpenſing, while God's Threats he ridicules,
Sententious Nonſenſe to his Ring of Fools;
With Sneer, and Shrug explodes Religion's Dreams,
And over *Coffee*'s ſober Fume *blaſphemes*:
Is not He happy? Yes, belike; Of Fear,
And Doubt His *Philoſophic* Soul is clear:
He can *demonſtrate*— Can demonſtrate *What?*
That there's *no Hell?* that *after Death* is *Nought?*
Atheiſt, Begin thy Demonſtration; ſay,
How *prov'ſt* Thou This? In Us is no Delay.
That ſuch a State there *is*, We oft have ſhown
By *ſolid Proofs*: How *prov'ſt* Thou there is *None?*
Is it a *Contradiction?* If it be;
To *ſhew* That Contradiction, lies on *Thee.*
Meanwhile, I tell thee, Thou'rt a Wretch forlorn;
Thou *know'ſt*, Thou *feel'ſt* it: Publick Hate, and Scorn
Juſtly attend thee: While thou turn'ſt to Jeſt
Hell, and its Terrors, *Hell is in thy Breaſt.*
In thy wild, thoughtful Face, thy haggard Air,
We trace plain Marks of Anguiſh, and Deſpair.
Inly thou trembleſt at the vengeful Rod
Of Him whom thou blaſphem'ſt, the MIGHTY GOD:
That Thought confounds thy Atheiſtic Pride;
He *fears* Hell moſt, by whom it is *deny'd.*

If

If Hell be *Not*; We, who believe it *Is*,
Loſe Nothing in the Next World, nor in This,
By That erroneous Faith; Nay more, we *gain*;
Since Vertue has more Pleaſure *Here*, than Pain.
If neither Heav'n Above, nor Hell Beneath
Exiſt; no State, or Being after Death;
Thou canſt not *laugh* at *Us*: But if there Be;
How will eternal Juſtice *laugh* at *Thee*?
Thou art *undone forever*. But if *ſure*
That Vengeance be, and *always* ſhall endure;
As God's unerring Oracles proclaim:
Hear, Thou *Free-Thinker* of immortal Fame;
The *Frenzy* of a *Lunatic* in Chains,
Who baffles the Phyſician's Care, and Pains,
Whom Keepers in a darken'd Room confine,
Is ſober Reaſon, if compar'd with *Thine*:
Thou *Wit*, of thy *clear Thoughts* ſo *proud* and *glad*,
Thou *deep Philoſopher*, art more than *Mad*.
Thou art ſo; ſhould we ev'n allow that Hell,
As 'tis moſt *certain*, were but *poſſible*.
Weigh well thy *preſent*, and thy *future* State;
Yet, yet *Repent* — PERHAPS 'tis not too late:
And to us ALL be ſuch true Wiſdom giv'n,
So to *reflect* on HELL, as to be *bleſs'd* in HEAV'N.

ERRATA.

P. 8. Ver. 109. *for* It *r.* Its. *for* its *r.* It. P. 18. Ver. 355. *after* Actions *add* [,] *after* disavow'd *dele* [,] P. 20. Ver. 399. *after* Subjects *dele* [,]

ERRATUM omitted in Part II.

P. 20. Ver. 424. *after* was *dele* was.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

HOWEVER dull, and trite it may be, to declaim againſt the Corruptions of the Age One lives in; I preſume it will be allow'd me by Everybody, that all manner of Wickedneſs, both in Principles, and Practice, abounds among us at preſent to a degree unheard of in any Chriſtian State, or Kingdom, ſince Chriſtianity was in Being. We have been bad enough, God knows, ever ſince my Remembrance; and I have liv'd in ſix Reigns: But for about theſe twenty Years laſt paſt, the Engliſh *Nation has been, and is, ſo prodigiouſly debauch'd; its very* Nature, *and* Genius *ſo chang'd; that I ſcarce know it to* be *the* Engliſh *Nation, and am almoſt a Foreigner in my own Country. Not only barefac'd, impudent Immorality of all Kinds; but open, profeſs'd Infidelity, and Atheiſm —— But I begin to declaim indeed; and to forget that I am writing an Advertiſement. To ſtop Theſe Overflowings of Ungodlineſs, Much has been done in* Proſe; *yet not ſo, as to ſuperſede all other Endeavours: And therefore, the Author of theſe Poems was willing to try whether any Good might be done in* Verſe. *This* Manner of Conveyance *may perhaps have ſome Advantages, which the Other has Not. At leaſt, it makes* Variety; *which is ſomething conſiderable. The* Quatuor Noviſſima, *as they are commonly called, the* Four Laſt Things, *are manifeſtly Subjects of the utmoſt Importance: If due Reflections upon* Death, Judgment, Heaven, *and* Hell, *will not reclaim Men from their Vices; Nothing will. And that our* Infidels *may not pretend that in Theſe Papers the* Queſtion is beg'd, *and Things* Suppos'd, *which ought to be* Prov'd; *(which is* Their *Way of Arguing, not* Ours:) *Care is taken to encounter* Infidelity *upon all proper Occaſions; and to ſhew Theſe mighty* Reaſoners, *in their own Conceit, that either they know Nothing of Reaſoning; or wilfully falſify, and labour to deceive Mankind into Deſtruction. This little Work was intended for the Uſe of All, from the Greateſt to the Leaſt. But as it would have been intolerably flat and inſipid to the Former, had it been wholly written to a Stile level to the Capacitys of the Latter; To obviate Inconveniences on both ſides, an Attempt has been made to* entertain *the* Upper *Claſs of Readers; and by Notes on all the Four Parts to* explain *ſuch Paſſages in*

Advertisement to the Reader.

in Divinity, Philoſophy, Hiſtory, &c. as might be difficult *to the Lower. A Detail of the Principal Matters, contain'd in each Part is likewiſe premiſ'd by way of Contents. And in the Notes, the Texts of Scripture, alluded to, are cited. It has been objected (we are told) that Here is* too much Scripture *for a* Poetical Compoſition. *But Thoſe Objectors, I doubt, are but* indifferent Criticks, *as well as not the beſt of* Chriſtians. *Of which Much might be ſaid; But we have not Time, nor indeed is it worth While. Our Author, however, is ſo far from being aſham'd of his* Scripture *(in his Love, and Admiration of which, He will ever glory) that He has all along quoted Chapter, and Verſe; as if his four* Poems *were ſo many* Sermons. *The Work (if it may be ſo call'd) being partly* Argumentative, *and partly* Deſcriptive; *it would have been* ridiculous, *had it been* poſſible, *to make the* Firſt-mention'd *as* Poetical *as the* Other.

Ornari res ipſa negat, contenta doceri.

In long Pieces of Muſick there is the plain Recitativo, *as well as the higher, and more Muſical Modulation; And they mutually recommend, and ſet off Each other. But about Theſe Matters the Writer is little ſollicitous; any further than as they are ſubſervient to his Deſign of* Doing Good. *That is his Aim; and God give Succeſs to it. We only obſerve farther, that tho'* Infidelity, *and the moſt* flagitious Crimes *are here* chiefly *inſiſted upon; yet not Thoſe* only: *And Theſe Meditations will appear to be of great Uſe to the* lower Rank *of* Sinners; *and even to the* good, *nay the* beſt, *Chriſtians.*

Directions to the Binder.

The Advertiſement and Contents to all four Parts, to be plac'd firſt; the Notes laſt.

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PART III. HEAVEN.

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PART IV. HELL.

THE amazing Dread, and Terror of the Subject. The Madness of the Infidels, who say God cannot, or will not punish. That mean Notion expos'd; and their senseless Reasonings answer'd. The Place of Hell uncertain. Whether in Chaos, *and the* extramundane *Space. Or in the Bowels of the Earth. Or in the Sun. This last enlarg'd upon. Tho' we know not* Where *it is, we know* What *it is;*

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viz. *perfect Misery.* Fire *must make the* Sensible *Part of it. The inconcievable Horrours and Misery both of the Place, and State, described at large. An Objection obviated, That all This is Fancy, and Poetick Fiction. The* Eternity *of the Torments. Arguments, on both sides. Supposing them* not *Eternal; they may be dreadful beyond Imagination. However, (since we cannot demonstrate the Contrary) 'tis safer to* think *them Eternal, than* feel *them to be so.* Who *shall be in Hell. In general; all impenitent Sinners. More particularly; Adulterers, and Fornicators. Covetous Persons. Wicked Clergymen; both Priests, and Prelates. Wicked Ministers of State. Wicked Kings, Queens, and Sovereign Princes. Traytors: Corrupt Betrayers, and Sellers of their Country, on the one hand; Factious, Seditious, false Patriots on the other. Those who debauch'd the World by their wicked Writings of any Kind. Evil-speakers, and Censorious Persons: Under which Head, an Objection is obviated with relation to the Author's Severity against* Vice, *and* vicious *Men* as Such. *Objection, That all* This is Priestcraft, *&c. This answer'd.* Infidelity *set in all* imaginable Lights; *and shewn to be* perfect Madness *in every one of them.*

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VER. 47. 48. — *Gloomy Vale — Staff, and Rod.*] Pſalm. xxiii. 4.

VER. 48. *Faithful Creator.*] 1 Pet. iv. 19. *Commit the Keeping of their Souls unto Him, as unto a faithful Creator.*

VER. 57. *Hell unſeals his Eyes.*] Luke xvi. 23. *And in Hell he lift up his Eyes.*

VER. 71. *Chains of Darkneſs.*] 2 Pet. ii. 4. Jude 6.

VER. 74. *Low near to Earth* — to VER. 90. — *Herſelf a Hell.*] See Note on Part III. Ver. 488.

VER. 92, 93, *With Horror waits — yet to come.*] It plainly appears both from Reaſon, and Scripture, that there is an *intermediate State* of Souls, and of Happineſs, and Miſery, between Death, and the Day of Judgment. See *Bp. Bull's* Serm. III. VOL. I.

VER. 98, 99. *O Death — O Grave.*] 1 Cor. xv. 55.

VER. 101. *And Angels bear him,* &c.] Luke. xvi. 22.

VER. 160. *All live to Him,* Luke. xx. 38.

VER. 162. *In Him all live, and move.*] Act. 17. 28.

VER. 179. *Its airy Vehicle.*] It was the Opinion of ſome of the Ancient Fathers, that the Angels themſelves have certain fine aereal Bodys; which are call'd *Vehicles.*

VER. 182. *Yet in This blisful, intermediate,* &c. to VER. 189.] See Note on Ver. 92, 93.

VER. 193. *The bloated, or the meagre Atheiſt,* &c.] Some pamper'd, and ſwoln with Gluttony, and Drunkenneſs, *&c.* Others ſober, thinking, lean Infidels. See Part IV. from Ver. 476. to 508.

VER. 199, 200. *Atheiſt — Deiſt —*] *Deiſt* (as the State of Infidelity now ſtands) is but another Word for *Atheiſt*; However *contrary* they may ſeem. See Note on Part IV. Ver. 50.

VER. 272. *Can* Matter *think?*] By *Matter,* or *Body,* in Philoſophy, is meant every thing that can be the Object of any of our Senſes, has Extenſion, Parts ſeparable from One another, *&c.* In ſhort every thing but *Spirit.* Thus, Fleſh, Wood, Stone, Gold, Water, *&c.* are *Matter* or *Body.*

VER. 277. *Body — infinite.*] Every *Body,* or Parcel of *Matter,* of what Extent ſoever, muſt have *ſome Bounds*; becauſe it muſt have a *Surface.*

VER. 283. *An Infidel's large Faith.*] An *Infidel* (however oddly it may ſound) is the moſt *credulous* Wretch in Nature. Of which innumerable inſtances have been given by our Divines.

VER. 362. *Uſe this World,* &c.] 1. Cor. vii. 31. *Uſing this World, as not abuſing it.* As well if not better, render'd; *Uſing, as not* uſing *it.*

VER. 365, 366. *Walking In a — vain Shadow,* &c.] Pſalm. xxxix. 6.

VER. 403, 404, *Fret not thyſelf, — ſoon ſhall they be,* &c.] Pſalm. xxxvii. 1, 2.

VER. 490.] *On* Tabor's *holy Mount,* &c.] Matth. xvii. 1, 2, *&c.* Tho' *Tabor* is not mention'd; yet Tradition tells us it was *That* Mountain.

VER. 563. *Rejoice, O Young Man,* &c.] Eccleſ. xi. 9.

VER. 606. *Sin brought forth Death.*] James i. 15.

VER. 607. *The — Saviour ſlew Death.*] 1 Cor. xv. 54. Hoſ. xii. 14.

VER. 608. *Sin too He ſlew.*] 1 Joh. iii. 8.

VER. 613. *Sin — gives Death a Sting.*] Cor. xv. 56.

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VER. 3. *Conſuming Fire.*] Heb. xii. laſt VER.

VER. 4. *Mighty to ſave.*] Iſai. lxiii. 1.

VER. 5. *Who can abide that great* &c.] Joel ii. 11.

VER. 12. *Burnt up — Scrole.*] Rev. vi. 14.

VER. 14. *Hide us, ye Hills,* &c.] Luke xxiii. 30. Rev. vi. 16.

VER. 15. *Fervent Heat,* &c.] 2 Pet. iii. 10, 12.

VER. 16. *Like Wax the everlaſting Hills,* &c.] Pſal. xcvii. 5. Hab. iii. 6.

VER. 19, 20, 21. *Behold, He comes with Clouds — Who pierc'd,* &c.] Rev. i. 7.

VER. 23, 24. *On — Cherubs — On the Wind- Clouds his Chariot —*] Pſal. xviii. Pſal. civ.

VER. 25. *Meet him in the Air.*] 1 *Theſ.* iv. 17.

VER. 27, 28, 29. *Of that great Day — Son of Man.*] Mark. xiii. 32.

VER. 108. to VER. 142. *Earthquakes in various Climates — ſaddens Day.*] Matth. xxiv. Mark xiii. Luke xxi.

VER. 110. 111. *The Earth — Shall ſtagger like a Drunkard.*] Iſai. xxiv. 20.

VER. 143, &c. *In Words like Theſe,* &c.] Nothing can be more plain than that in thoſe Predictions *Matth.* xxiv. *Mark* xiii. *Luke* xxi. our Saviour had a View both to the Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*, and the End of the World; the One being a Type of the Other. Some Paſſages mean the Firſt; ſome the Second; and ſome Both. This is partly prov'd, even Here in Verſe. Much more might be ſaid; but This is not a Place for it.

VER. 155, 156. *How art thou fall'n,* &c.] Iſai. xiv. 12.

VER. 170. *Glorious Seven.*] Mention is made, in ſeveral places of Scripture, of *ſeven Angels* in particular, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt. Thus in the *Revelation*, the *ſeven* Angels with *Trumpets*; and with the *Vials*. And *Tobit* xii. 15. *I am Raphael, one of the Seven holy Angels.*

VER. 173. *As Lightning from the Eaſt,* &c.] Matth. xxiv. &c.

VER. 175. &c. *A mighty Seraph,* &c.] Rev. x. 1. &c.

VER. 215 — 220. *The Saints who ſleep,* &c. *Caught up,* &c.] 1 Theſ. iv. 16, 17.

VER. 222. *All ſhall not ſleep,* &c.] 1 Cor. xv. 51.

VER. 246. — 248. *Thouſand — Ten Thouſand* &c.] Dan. vii. 10. Rev. v. 11.

VER. 253, 254. *He, who when Foxes,* &c.] Matth. viii. 20.

VER. 256. *And feeding — unfed.*] He was not ſo probably, when He fed thoſe Thouſands: But He was often ſo at other Times.

VER. 260. *Ariſeth to ſhake,* &c.] Iſai. ii. 19, 21.

VER. 273. *Let God ariſe,* &c.] Pſal. lxviii. 1.

VER. 323. *The Books are open'd.*] Dan. vii. 10. Rev. xx. 12.

VER. 338. *Sit on — Thrones, and judge,* &c.] See Matth. xix. 28. 1 Cor. vi. 23. and the Commentators upon thoſe Places.

VER. 346. *And renders his Account,* &c.] See Lord Chief Juſtice *Hale's Account of the good Steward.* Contemplations Moral, and Divine. VOL. I.

VER. 364. *The Talents,* &c.] For the Parable of the *Talents* read Matth. xxv. Luke 19.

VER. 375. *Rob'd not Thee.*] See Malach. iii. 8.

VER. 376. 377. *Thy Prieſts — Labour's ſake.* 1 Theſ. v. 12, 13.

VER. 383. *And Night, and Day enjoy'd,* &c.] Pſal. i. 2.

VER. 384. *Sweeter than Honey,* &c.] Pſal. cxix. 103.

VER. 401. *Without ceaſing pray'd.*] 1 Theſ. v. 17.

VER. 414. *To be forgiv'n, as I myſelf,* &c.] *Lord's Prayer.*

VER. 415. *My Tongue, as with a Bridle,* &c.] Pſal. xxxix. 2.

VER. 437. *My Body, as the Temple,* &c.] 1 Cor. vi. 19.

VER. 457. to 471. *Well done, Thou good, and faithful,* &c. —— *Like ſever'd Goats.*] Matth. xxv. 21, 33, 34.

VER. 475, 476 — *Lyes lov'd, and made — Deceiving — and deceiv'd.*] Rev. xxii. 15. 2 Tim. iii. 13.

VER. 481. — *Lukewarm, Tim'rous, Cowards,* &c.] Rev. iii. 16. Rev. xxi. 8.

VER. 486. *Lov'd God a little, but the World,* &c.] 2 Tim. iii. 4.

VER. 487. *Dead in Treſpaſſes,* &c.] Epheſ. ii. 1.

VER. 502. *My Strength Sufficient —*] 2 Cor. xii. 9.

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VER. 527, 528. *That God in Judgment — Most righteous*, &c.] Pſal. li. 4.

VER. 539, 540. *When God from Heaven — In flaming Fire — reveal'd.*] 2 Theſſ. i. 7, 8.

VER. 569 — 572 *Depart ye Curſed*, &c.] Matth. xxv. 41.

VER. 575, 576. *My — Enemys, Who would not I their King*, &c.] Luke. xix. 27.

VER. 586. *Like many Waters, and loud Thundrings*, &c.] Rev. xix. 6.

VER. 587, 588. *Great, marvellous*, &c. *And juſt, and true*, &c.] Rev. xv. 3.

VER. 589, 590. — *The little Faith — Would think —*] Luke. xviii. 8.

PART III. HEAVEN.

VER. 1. *The great Apoſtle*, &c. 2 Cor. xii. 2, &c. *I knew a Man in Chriſt*, &c. St. *Paul* certainly ſpeaks of Himſelf; as is allow'd by Every body.

VER. 12. *Eye hath not ſeen*, &c.] 1 Cor. ii. 9.

VER. 17, 18. — *Thro' a Glaſs — face to face.*] 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

VER. 21 — to Ver. 75. *The Saint — never cloy.*] See *Rev.* xxi. throughout, and Chap. xxii. to Ver. 6. From which This Deſcription is taken; One Deſign of the inſpir'd Writer is undoubtedly to delineate, in a prophetical, and myſtical manner, the State of the Church here on Earth. But it has likewiſe (as moſt learned Commentators agree) a View to the Church Triumphant in Heaven.

VER. 35. *Nor cumbrous Fleſh weigh down*, &c.] Wiſd. ix. 15.

VER. 36, 37. *City of God — Things very excellent.*] Pſal. lxxxvii. 3.

VER. 40. — *Built by God, not made with Hands.*] 2 Cor. v. 1.

VER. 47. Urim, *and* Thummim, &c.] Exod. xxviii. 30,

Urim means Fire, and Light; *Thummim*, Perfection. They were precious Stones, in the Pectoral, or Breaſt-plate of *Aaron*, and the High-Prieſts his Succeſſors. When God was conſulted by it, the Protuberancy, and bright Shining of the Jewels ſhew'd an Anſwer in the Affirmative; the Contrary in the Negative; according to *Joſephus*, and Others. But I have not Time (nor does my Subject require it) to be more particular upon This difficult Point.

VER. 71. *Nor waves*, &c. *Nor Cherubs*, &c.] Gen. iii. *laſt* Ver.

VER. 76. *The Tree of Knowledge*, &c. For the *Tree of Knowledge*, as well as the *Tree of Life*; See Gen. ii. and iii.

VER. 83. *Empyrial.*] *Empyrial*, and *Empyrean* (Ver. 155,) mean the *higheſt Heaven*, beyond the *higheſt Stars*, &c.

VER. 114, 115, — 117. *It now appears not — But this we know — See Him as He is.*] 1 Joh. iii. 2.

VER. 119, — 122. *Our Bodies glorify'd like Stars*, &c. *of the Bleſt.*] 1 Cor. xv. 41, 42.

VER. 128. *Thrones, Dominations*, &c.] Col. i. 16. The Word *Vertues* is not in the Text. But That is immaterial. The Verſe is *Milton*'s; in many Places of his *Paradiſe Loſt*. It expreſſes the ſeveral *Orders* of *Angels*.

VER. 138. *Yet all roll round in That* Firſt Mover, *&c.*] According to the ancient Aſtronomy (the *Ptolemaic* Syſtem) the *Primum Mobile* (*Firſt Moveable*, and *Mover*) whirls round in its Orbit all the Stars, of all Magnitudes; tho' they have different Orbits, and Motions of their own.

VER. 139. — to VER. 148. *Love! Charity — receive, and give.*] See 1 Cor. xiii. throughout.

VER. 149. *Three Souls.*] The *Vegetative*, the *Senſitive*, and the *Rational*; according to the ancient Philoſophy.

VER. 166. *Tho' reſting on their object, farther*, &c.] It may be ask'd; if they *reſt* upon their object, how can they *tend farther?* I anſwer; They reſt upon their *general* object; knowing they ſhall always be ſatisfy'd in the *Main*; and yet are perpetually entertain'd with *new, freſh, particular* Objects.

VER. 190. *The Sun of Righteouſneſs.*] Malach. iv. 2.

VER. 192. *&c. The Ideal World*, &c.] See *P. Malebranche's Recherche de la Verité*; and the moſt learned, ingenious, and pious Mr. *Norris's Theory of the Intelligible, or Ideal World.* Whatever becomes of the Doctrine of our *Seeing all things in God*, in This Life: it is certain from his being *Creator* of all things, that He muſt have in Himſelf the *Ideas* of all things; and in the next Life perhaps we may ſee thoſe Ideas in Him.

VER.

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VER. 224. — *Know, as we* — *are known.*] 1. Cor. xiii. 12.

VER. 233, 234. *The Spring of Life*, &c. *And in Thy Light*, &c.] Pſal. xxxvi. 9.

VER. 272, 273. *Angelick* Taylor *&c.* — Poole.] Dr. *Jeremy Taylor*, *Bp.* of *Down* and *Connor* in *Ireland*; Dr. *Henry Hammond*, deſign'd *Bp.* of *Worceſter* by K. *Charles* II. but dy'd juſt before the Reſtoration; Dr. *Robert Sanderſon*, *Regius* Profeſſor of Divinity in *Oxford*, and afterwards *Bp.* of *Lincoln*; Dr. *John Pearſon*, *Bp.* of *Cheſter*: Dr. *James Uſher*, and Dr. *John Bramhall*, ſucceſſive Primates of *Ireland*; Dr. *Brian Walton*, Compiler of the Polyglott Bible, and *Bp.* of *Cheſter*: Men of extraordinary Learning, and Piety; whoſe Works are ſufficiently known to the World. Mr. *Matthew Poole* of *London*, a Noncomformiſt, but a Man of immenſe Learning, and great Judgment; and no leſs Humility and Piety; Author of That ſtupendous Work entitled *Synopſis Criticorum*, &c. a moſt noble Collection of Commentarys upon the holy Scriptures.

VER. 274. BULL.] Dr. *George Bull* made *Bp.* of St. *David's* by Q. *Anne*. His immortal Works are well known to all the World; as are his exemplary Piety, Humility, and Charity, to All who had the Happineſs of his Acquaintance. His acquired Learning was vaſtly great; But his natural acute Parts, and ſolid Judgment, greater. See his Life written by Mr. *Nelſon*: To which many Things might be added.

VER. 278. *Figure.*] His *Perſon*, and *Aſpect* were diſtinguiſhingly engaging. The Print before his Works is the perfect Image of him: Only it wants That Sweetneſs of Countenance, which always accompany'd his delightful Converſation.

VER. 280. TRIAD.] *Trinity*. *Bp. Bull* was a zealous, and moſt able Defender of That Doctrine.

VER. 297. *Boyle, Grotius.* &c.] The Honourable *Robert Boyle* Eſq; Founder of the Lecture againſt Atheiſm and Infidelity; *Hugo Grotius*, a *Hollander*, one of the moſt learned Men that ever liv'd; *Robert Nelſon*, Eſq; Author of *the Companion to the Feſtivals* and *Faſts*, &c. Monſieur *Paſcal*, a *Frenchman*, a Man of amazing Parts, and Seraphic Piety.

VER. 298. *Hale.*] The Right Honourable Sir *Matthew Hale*, Lord Chief Juſtice of *England*: The Honour of our Country; One of the greateſt Lawyers, Divines, and Philoſophers, and one of the beſt Chriſtians, this Nation ever bred. His Works in Divinity are, *Contemplations Moral, and Divine*; *The Knowledge of God, and of Ourſelves*; *The Origination of Mankind*, &c.

VER. 323, 324. — *Iſis* — *Cam.*] The River *Iſis*, at *Oxford*; the River *Cam*, at *Cambridge*.

VER. 331. *Wintonia.*] *Wincheſter*.

VER. 332. *Wickham*, &c.] *William* of *Wickham*, Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, Lord Treaſurer, and Lord High Chancellor of *England*; Founder of *New College* in *Oxford*, and of its Siſter College near *Wincheſter*; which, together, are the nobleſt Seminary of Learning in Chriſtendom. *William of Wainfleet*, Founder of That Illuſtrious Society, *Magdalen*-College in *Oxford*. *Richard Fox*, Founder of *Corpus Chriſti* College in *Oxford*.

VER. 335, 336, 337 — *England's* ſixth *Henry*, &c.] K. *Henry* VI. Founder of *King's* College in *Cambridge*, and *Eton*-College near *Windſor*. *Margaret* Counteſs of *Richmond*; Foundreſs of St. *John's*, and *Chriſt's* Colleges in *Cambridge*. *Henry Chichely*, Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, Founder of *All Souls* College in *Oxford*. *Nicholas Wadham* Eſq; and *Dorothy* his Wife, Founders of *Wadham*-College in *Oxford*.

VER. 349. *Turner.*] Dr. *Thomas Turner*, Preſident of *Corpus Chriſti* College in *Oxford* gave 22000 l. to the Corporation of the *Sons of the Clergy*.

VER. 386. *Henry.*] K. *Henry* VIII.

VER. 399, 400. *Come, Ye* — *Depart, Ye*, &c.] Matth. xxv.

VER. 403. *Treaſure in Heav'n.*] Matth. xix. 21.

VER. 415, 416. *Walſingham*, &c.] Sir *Francis Walſingham*, Secretary of State to Q. *Elizabeth*; who was a moſt *able Stateſman*, and *true Patriot*; and dy'd *very poor*. Earl of *Southampton*, in the Reigns of K. *Charles* the Firſt, and Second. Sir *Edward Hyde*, Earl of *Clarendon* (Author of the famous Hiſtory) and Lord High Chancellour of *England*.

VER. 488, 489. *Habits deep-rooted, when This World*, &c. *Will in the Next*, &c.] This was the Doctrine of *Plato*, *Virgil*, and Others among the ancient Heathen Philoſophers; and Chriſtian Divines have made it clear, and evident. Dr. *Scott's Chriſtian Life*, in particular, is entirely built upon This Principle. The Thing indeed is ſo agreeable to Reaſon; that the Contrary can ſcarce be conceived *poſſible*.

And

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And This ſhews the *Abſolute Neceſſity* of our being *Vertuous*, and *Holy*: Since without it we are, in the *Nature* of Things, *incapable* of being *Happy*. God Himſelf cannot make us ſo, without *changing our Nature* by Miracle: Which is *impoſſible*; becauſe it is inconſiſtent with his own infinite Perfections: Becauſe it would be *abſurd*, and *irrational* for him to do ſo.

VER. 494. *None without Holineſs*, &c.] Heb. xii. 14. Here is expreſs Scripture for the ſame Doctrine.

VER. 495. *The pure in Heart*, &c.] Matth. v. 8.

VER. 498, 499. *Behold the Sun — The Stars*—] Job. xxv. 5. There indeed 'tis *Moon*, not *Sun*. But the Senſe is the ſame.

VER. 513. *Amaranth.*] Or *Amarant*. A Flower that *never fades*: Suppos'd by *Milton* to grow in *Heaven*, and There *only*.

PART IV. HELL.

VER. 50. The DEIST — the ATHEIST —] This, I ſay, is one inſtance among Others; by which it appears that *Deiſm* (as it is Now call'd) reſolves at laſt into downright *Atheiſm*. *Such a God* as Theſe Men have painted out to us is a moſt contemptible, ridiculous Being; that is *no God*. For other Proofs that Deiſm, as it now ſtands, is mere Atheiſm; ſee *Bp. Gaſtrell's* (for it is His, tho' his Name is not to it) *Dialogue between a Sceptick, and a Deiſt*; *Scripture Vindicated* againſt *Chriſtianity as Old as the Creation*, in many places.

VER. 53, &c. *There God 'gainſt Sin*, &c.] It is needleſs to quote particular Texts for Proof of This. Both Teſtaments are full of them.

VER. 55, &c. *True He courts, and woes*, &c.] Iſai. i. Ezek. xviii. and innumerable other Places both of the Old, and New Teſtament.

VER. 61. *But on th' obdur'd — Storms, and Tempeſts*, &c.] Pſal. xi. 6.

VER. 85. *Central Fire.*] Philoſophers ſuppoſe that there is a vaſt Body of Fire in the *Centre*, i. e. the Middle, of the Earth.

VER. 91. *Tartarus.*] Hell.

VER. 113. *Galileo.*] A famous Aſtronomer.

VER. 126. *With everlaſting Burnings*. &c.] Iſai. xxxiii. 14. I am ſenſible that another Interpretation may be given of That Text. But that in one Senſe it may mean *Hell*, is allow'd by Expoſitors. However; there are ſo many places in the New Teſtament which ſpeak of *Hell-Fire*, that it would be needleſs to cite any.

VER. 127. &c. *Tormenting* Tophet *&c.*] Iſai. xxx. 33. Here again Something elſe is meant beſides *Hell*: But That is meant too; as Commentators agree.

VER. 178, 179. *Never-dying Worm. The inextinguiſhable Fire.*] Mark. ix. 44, 46, 48.

VER. 207. *Plaſtick Will.*] That is, *Making*, or *Forming*, or *Creative*. God *creates* by a mere Act of his *Will*.

VER. 236. *The glorious Freedom*, &c.] Rom. viii. 21.

VER. 244. *Dogs that lick'd their Sores* —] Luke. xvi. 21.

VER. 247. to Ver. 259. *Groaning for Anguiſh — with all our Vaunting bought?* Wiſd. v. 3, 4, 5, *&c.*

VER. 371. *A weak and wicked Tyrant's*, &c.] Such as the Favourites of Thoſe weak, and wicked Kings, *Edward* II. and *Richard* II. of *England*; and many Others, in all Hiſtory.

VER. 389 — 391. — *Where can dwell — but in Hell?*] Here, as all along, muſt be underſtood, *without Repentance*. See Ver. 328. Which muſt be apply'd to all the ſeveral Sorts of Sinners here ſpecify'd.

VER. 446. — *Fly — From the Wrath to come.*] Matth. iii. 7.

VER. 478. — 480. — *Courſe of Nature ſet on fire — Set on fire of Hell.*] James iii. 6.

VER. 514. *In us is no Delay.*] That is, we are ready for the Diſpute. 'Tis the Form of accepting a Challenge. The Words are *Virgil's*, Ecl. 3.

NB. The Advertisement, and Contents, are to be placed after the Title-page of the Fifth Part: The Notes at the End of the Fourth.

PART IV. HELL.

NOTES.

Just Published,

THE Three Former Parts, DEATH, JUDGMENT, HEAVEN & HELL: All the Four to be had together, or singly.